

New Mexico Song

Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains

So i noticed the other tab that s basically correct had the chord names under the lyrics, instead of on top of them which was really confusing. I fixed them to be in standard tab format, and corrected a couple lyrics.

[Intro]

C G Am F

C **G**
As he lights an American spirit
Am **F**
He asks how I can smoke such shit

C G Am F

[Verse]

C **G**
I say there s nothing like chaining
Am **F**
G-P-C ciggarettes.
C **G**
Cuz any smokes will kill ya
Am **F**
But these will make you feel like it.
Am **C**
I sit back down,
G **Dm**
on the parking lot curb
Am **C**
And remember back to February
G **Dm**
The trip to Hartford
C **G**
And five minutes ago
Am **F**
He was passed out on the staircase
C **G**
Trying to make it to his appartment
Am **F**
but not making it all the way.
C **G**

And now he s driving us
Am F
 100 miles an hour down the interstate
C G
 Another beer in his hand
Am F
 Swearin we won t be late.
Am C
 That was before everyone moved to New Mexico.
Am C
 They all left a couple of months ago
Am C G Dm
 Until the day my friend
Am C G Dm
 When I sleep on the floor of your van again
Am C G Dm
 I ll be waiting in this parking lot,
Am C G Am C
 and in my dreams, I am dirty broke, beautiful, and free.
Dm Am C G Am
 My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after hitching to
C
 many miles.

[Verse]

(Not really sure whats played here, I just play **C G Am F** twice over, which fits nicely)

Am C G Dm Am C G Dm
 We aren t revolutionaries, but we are the revolution.
Am C G Dm
 And sometimes I think that the whole movement is just me and you
Am C G Dm
 And maybe we d all be better off if that was true
Am C G Dm
 Cuz then we d at least know where we stand
Am C G Dm
 And we could tell our comrades apart from the man
C G
 cuz if the world isn t that simple
Am F
 Maybe this town is at least
C G Am F
 And if I m not marching with them for war I m sure not marching with you for
 peace
C G Am F
 Class traitor? What fucking ever!
C G Am F
 I m just another middle class kid, too.
C G Am F
 But if I m not good at changing, I m good at self loathing

[Verse]

C **G** **Am** **F**
So I ll class hate myself with you.
Am **C**
May our only occupation be not having a job
Am **C**
And may the only cocktails that we make be molotov
Am **C** **G Dm** **Am** **C** **G** **Dm**
May that day be now, and for as many days after that as we know how
Am **C** **G** **Dm**
It starts in this parking lot,
Am **C** **G** **Am**
and in my dreams, I am dirty broke beautiful
C **Dm** **Am** **C** **G**
and free. My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after
Am **C**
hitching too many miles.